This Stage, the Ship upon whose Decke,
The Seas tost *Pericles*, appeares to speake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The god of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Brasse,
Having cald them from the deepe, O still
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble sulpherous flashes: Oh how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then storme venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe? the Seamans whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Divinest patroness, and my wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, made swift the pangs
Of my Queenes travailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too yong for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How? how *Lychorida*?
Lychor. Patience good sir, doe not assist the storme,
Heere's all that is left living of your Queene,
A little daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts
And snatch them straight away? we here below; recall not what we give,
And therein may use honour with you.
Lychor. Patience good sir, even for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a most blusterous bird hath never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world,

That

That ever was Princes chi
Thou hast as chiding a Nat
As Fire, Aire, Water, Ear
To harold thee from the w
Even at the first; thy losse
Thy portage quite, with a
Now the good gods throw

Ente

1. *Saylor.* What courage
Per. Courage enough, I
It hath done to me the wo
Of this poore infant, this
I would it would be quiet
1. *Sayl.* Slacke the bolin
Blow and split thy selfe.
2. *Sayl.* But sea-roomt
kisse the Moone, I care no
1. *Say.* Sir, your Queen
The sea workes hie, the w
And will not lie till the sh
Per. That's your superst
1. Pardon us sir; with
And we are strong in East
Per. As you thinke me
Most wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere she lies s
Per. A terrible child-b
No light, no fire, the unfr
Forgot thee utterly, nor h
To bring thee hallowd to
Must cast thee scarcely co
Wherefore a Monument
The ayre remaining lamp
And humming water mus
Lying with simple shels:
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spic
My Casket and my Iewel

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